The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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A Little Girl's Pillow.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DEBORDES-VALMORE.

Dear little pillow so sweet and so warm,
Full of white feathers and made for me,
Whenever I fear the wolves or the storm,
Dear little pillow, I cling to thee.

Many little children naked and poor,
Have neither pillow, mother nor home,
I weep, dear mama, that over the moor
This moment perhaps their bare feet roam.

And when for those poor, dear angels I cry,
Who have no pillow, I nestle to mine,
And down in my warm little nest I lie,
Or to kiss thee, mama, creep over to thine.

I wake in the morning at break of day,
The sun shines so bright through my curtain blue;
And now my tenderest prayer I must say,
One kiss, dear mama, and good night to you!

PRAYER.

God of the children! Listen to a child
Her heart full of prayer is under my hand
I plead for the orphans, Oh, Father mild!
In future dear God, make none in the land!

Send down an angel with power to give
Pardon to all the little ones here
And under the motherless while they live
Place thou a pillow, Oh, Father dear!

Mrs. Annie H. Frost.

Be Thorough.

Whatsoe'er you find to do.
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a "little" true,
Or a "little" in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

—Apples of Gold.

For the Myrtle.

Much From Little.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Green and Frank walked on briskly, for the morning was bright and cool, and the coolness of the air invited rapid motion.

There were a great many things by the way, to which their eyes were unaccustomed, as is always the case when one is travelling in foreign countries, and with a quick eye to perceive, one can be constantly gathering information.

Presently they came upon one of the iron mines. There was a man standing at the opening of the mine, who seemed to be a watchman, and to remain all of the time there—though the other men were busily moving about.

Frank wanted to ask a great many questions but he could not speak the Swedish language, and the watchman did not understand English.

Mrs. Green could speak Swedish a little, but not rapidly enough to make her very well able to converse. She found great difficulty in understanding the answers to her questions, and so got on very slowly in gaining the information that they required.

They could make signs to the watchman, and he could make signs in return, and in this slow way they learned some things.

Frank wanted very much to go down into the mine, but the watchman shook his head, when this proposal was made.

It seemed to be one part of his business there, to prevent any but the workmen from passing and repassing.

Mrs. Green and Frank soon saw that they were to be thrown mostly upon their own resources, and they began talking to each other.

Mrs. Green took up in her hand a piece of the iron that was lying at her feet, and said:

"How much do you think this is worth, Franky?"

"Not very much." He replied, glancing at it enough to know that it was only a piece of rude iron, about half the size of the hand which held it.

"Well what would you give me for it?

Frank glanced at it again, and compared it with the size of a stove. Then, thinking of the price of a stove he said:

"That is not worth more than a few cents."

"Well! how many cents would you give for it?" his mother urged.

"I wouldn't give more than five cents," Frank replied. "And I should think I had been cheated in my bargain, if I gave as much as that."

"So you would be if you paid at that rate for a piece of iron of that size. But if I were skilful enough to put it through a certain process, I could sell it for five thousand dollars or perhaps more than that."

"Oh, you mean if you were a magician and could convert it into gold, but even then a piece of gold of that size, wouldn't be worth more than five thousand dollars."

"No, I don't mean any process of magic. I didn't say if I were conjuror enough, I could make this worth five thousand dollars. But, if I were *skilful* enough."

"I remember to have heard Uncle James say once when he was holding a piece of charcoal in his hand, that, if he knew how, he could make a fortune out of that charcoal, by turning it into a diamond.

He said that charcoal and diamonds were composed of the same substances."

"Yes, that is true. But this case was not quite like mine, after all. For no one has ever made a diamond out of charcoal, but iron just like this which I hold in my hand, has been increased in value as much as I tell you; and that not by any magic, but purely by human skill."

"Pray tell me how, mother. I never heard of iron being changed into any thing else."

"Why yes, you forget. I was telling you, only this morning, of the process of converting it into steel."

"Oh yes. But if this piece of iron were converted into steel, it would not be worth many cents then, not to say anything about thousands of dollars."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Why, yes, I am as sure as one can be about things that they have seen so many times."

"How do you know it?"

"I know it by the fact that anything made of steel can be bought so cheaply. Grandfather paid only a dollar for the spade that he bought last summer, and he told me that the metal part of that was steel.

I think there is not metal enough in your hand to make a spade, and then you have to take into the consideration the expense that it must be to make the handle of a spade, and put the two together. So, surely if that iron were made into steel you could not get one dollar for it."

"But there is more than one kind of steel. You must take it into the account that garden tools are not made of the most expensive kind of steel."

"Well, there was Grandfather's sword, that was very expensive steel, but nothing like five thousand dollars was paid for it."

"No, you are right in saying that if this iron were changed into steel, it would not then be worth thousands of dollars."

"No, nor thousands of cents. Would it mother, if it were made into the best steel that was ever seen?"

"No, probably not. And yet I go back, and repeat what I said at first. If I were skilful enough I could sell that piece of metal which I hold in my hand, for five thousand dollars."

"What other substance beside steel could you change it into?"

"Not any other substance. I should change it into steel."

"But have we not just agreed that it would not be worth thousands of dollars if it were in steel."

"Yes, I grant you, that it would be worth but a few cents if we had it in steel this minute."

"Well then what can you mean mother?"

"Why couldn't we do something else with it, after we had made it into steel?"

"What could you do, that would increase its value from a few cents to thousands of dollars?"

"If I were a skilful, scientific watchmaker, I

would take that bit of steel—nay a much smaller bit than this would make—weighing not more than an ounce, and from that I would make four thousand delicate hair or balance springs for watches and these would exceed in value five thonsand dollars."

"Oh mother, how very curious this seems."

"It is curious, but not more curions than true."

"Why then pray, don't every body go to making watch springs, if so much money can be made by it."

"You are almost as short-sighted, my boy, as the man who tried to lift himself over the wall by taking hold of the straps of his boots.

If every body went to making watch springs who would be left to buy them? And then you must remember that no man would want four thousand watches even if he had made that many watch springs, and had money enough to buy the remaining parts of a watch to go with them."

"I see," said Frank, "We couldn't all get rich, if we were all doing the same thing."

"No," Mrs. Green replied. "We are creatures with many wants, and this world with its many and varied workers, is a good work-shop wherein all these wants are ministered to, and amply supplied, if all the workers be industrious, and use the powers that God has given them to foster and increase their skill."

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

As a Little Child.

A pastor was in his study, absorbed in preparing for the Sabbath, when he heard little feet patter up to the door, and little fingers try to knock. At first he took no notice; but by and by, thinking there might be some important message, he rose, and opened the door.

"What do you want, my little boy?"

The little fellow looked up and faltered out, "I came—to be in."

Who could resist that plea? The door was opened wide: the little boy climbed into an easy-chair, and nestled down quiet and unobtrusive, perfectly contented "to be in," in his father's presence.

There are Christians who seem to keep their piety put away, like their best clothes, for Sunday use. They want no Christian love, save at the sacramental table. But there are others who bear that love always in their hearts; whose delight it is to be in the company of Jesus.

They Didn't Think.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There is danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink.
Catching mousy fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey.
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half-grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so head-strong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin,
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink,
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin.
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

—*The Bright Side and Family Circle.*

For the Myrtle.

The Horseback Ride.

MITTIE'S true name was Mehitable, but her grandfather and grandmother had softened it down to the pretty pet name, so she was Mittie to every body. Mittie lived with her grand-parents in their little country farm-house, and the horses and cows, the hens and chickens and the cat and the dog were all the playmates she had.

Mittie was very good friends with all these, but the dearest pleasure of her life was to bring Dolly, her own horse from the pasture, put on her saddle and jump upon her back and ride over to Uncle Lemuel's, four miles away. There was a farm-house twice as large and full of children ; there were the good uncle and aunt, their hearts brimming over with kindness and good cheer ; and she always had one long golden day with plenty of play and good company whenever that time came round.

One summer a gleam of new sunshine came into the farm-honse and Mittie was no longer alone. Her cousin Rosa came up from the city to spend the summer, and the little farm-house was kept topsy-turvy most of the time with her bright, careless ways. Rosa was a good girl, but she had been petted all her life and she had come to consider it everybody's business to help her have a good time, without stopping to think much about themselves.

You have seen this kind of people, have you not, who make everything bend to them, and yet keep everybody good-natured about it. It became a matter of course to Mittie always to think of Rosa first; to do what Rosa preferred and go where Rosa wished; instead of dividing her work with Rosa to do all her own tasks as she could snatch time, and a great many for Rosa beside. And the fond old grandmother who was much delighted with Rosa's new and pretty ways, would say, to Mittie "you know, dear, Rosa is our guest, and we must make her have just as good a time as possible."

One morning word came over from Uncle Lemuel's that Uncle George and his family—his wife and the dear little baby none of them had seen but Rosa—had come up from New York to stay a few days only ; and they wanted all who could to come over that very day and have the first visit with them.

There was a great outcry of joy. Grandfather and grandmother thought they could not go so soon, but Mittie supposed of course she and Rosa would drive over in the little buggy. But not so Rosa. "O how I *do* want to see that blessed baby " she cried, " and I know the baby wants to see me. I can put on my new riding-dress that I haven't had a chance to wear yet, and ride over on Dolly, horseback, can't I ? Uncle George never saw me ride horseback, and he don't know I can—wont it be fun ?" and Rosa danced about for joy.

A single word from Mittie, and her grandfather would have said, "no, the girls had better both go in the buggy. But Mittie did not speak it. And her grandmother was too much taken up with the thought of seeing her darling Rosa on horseback in her new habit, to think much about Mittie.

But inside her small breast a storm was raging. How bright and desirable it all looked over there; the farm-house, full of jolly cousins, the handsome young uncle, the new auntie, and the precious baby—oh, just how she longed to go and *could not* be denied—you know, do you not? Then Dolly was her own horse, given her by her dear dead father,—was there any justice in her being obliged to give her up at this thoughtless call of pretty selfishness. Mittie knew there was not, and her whole soul rebelled.

It was only for a moment. Something better than justice got hold of her, and she swallowed the lump in her throat and said bravely to herself "no matter." Then she smiled "I will go and catch Dolly and get her ready while Rosa puts on her riding-dress."

"That's a good girl," said grandmother," and you must go spry, for Rosa must start just as early as possible. She wants a good long day; and we shall have time enough to finish the work when she is gone."

By the time Mittie had led Dolly to the house she had grown quite happy thinking how splendid Rosa would look prancing up to Uncle Lemual's house on her horse, and when Rosa rode off in her pretty riding suit, with her high hat and feather, Mittie waved her handkerchief and wished her a good time with the sincerest heart. But the day looked dreary enough to her, as she turned back to her dishes.

Rosa was hardly out of sight when a cloud of dust and a roll of wheels was heard from the other way. It was Uncle George himself, with his own fast pony and little phaeton driving up to the door as bright and fresh as a west wind. He ran in and greeted and kissed them all, and said he had been to the village for the mail and had rode round to start the girls up for their family picnic. Then grandmother told him Rosa had gone on horseback, and Mittie was going to stay at home.

"And why on horseback?" said Uncle George.

"Oh, you had never seen her ride, you know," said grandmother.

As if Uncle George didn't know Rosa!

"Now Me-hitable" said he grandly "do you go and put on a white apron to hold the baby in, and jump into that phaeton quicker than I can say Jack Robinson."

"Hadn't you better wait now, and go some other day" said grandmother, "you'll keep Uncle George waiting."

"No she wont," said Uncle George, "for she

is'nt going to change a thing. If she does I shan't get home to see Rosa on horseback." And his eyes twinkled.

In two minutes Mittie was in and riding off. She had never rode in a pony phaeton before, and it was ten times better than horseback, and handsome Uncle George beside her too!

It was nearly a half-hour after they got there that Rosa came walking her horse up gingerly, for she hardly dared to trot. The small cousins ran out to meet their pretty cousin Rosa and take care of her horse, but all *she* had eyes for was the "blessed baby," held, to her great astonishment, in Mittie's arms. "How good it was that you had a chance to come too!" she said when she heard the story. "If I hadn't come on horseback you wouldn't have had a chance to come with Uncle George, would you?"

And Mittie thought inside that probably she wouldn't.

That night after the girls had gone home, Uncle George said to his wife. "What different stuff in these two girls! I wonder what Mittie would make, with advantages like Rosa's. Let's take her to New York to live with us, and see."

"I should like nothing better," said the new auntie. And that was what came at last, from that horseback ride.

H. A. B.

The Infant's Prayer.

In a little town in California there lived a young and thriving merchant, with his wife and three children. The merchant was a worldly man, but his wife had been taught by a good New England mother, in her childhood, to let no day pass without falling on her knees and praying to God.

Two of the children were brothers, and the oldest of them had learned to say his evening prayer kneeling by his mother's side. But the youngest was able to lisp only a few words, and his mother had never tried to teach him any prayer.

Yet he would often come with his brother, dressed in his snow-white night-dress, kneel down with him before his mother, put his little hands before his face, and then presently looked up to his mother, as if wondering why she did not also tell him how to pray.

One evening, when bed-time came, they both knelt down together, and Charlie repeated his prayer as usual. When he was done little Allie looked up to his mother and lisped. "Mamma, me p'ay too."

Then he put his hand over his eyes and said only these two words:

"God—Allie."

How simple and how beautiful was that! The great God in heaven, and little Allie kneeling and lisping before his mother's lap. Was not that prayer heard in heaven before many a vain and ostentatious petition made by proud men? —*American Messenger.*

A Child's Reason.

THROUGH the quiet village church
Summer zephyrs idly stray;
Song of birds and breath of flowers
Greet the holy Sabbath day.

Earth is looking wondrous fair,
As if striving hearts to win
To the voice of praise without,
From the voice of prayer within.

By the watchful mother's side
Sits a winsome little maid;
All the week, in tireless glee,
She has sung, and danced, and played;

Save when by a promise sure
Sometimes for a moment stilled:—
"Sunday you shall go to church,"—
Now the promise is fulfilled.

Prattling tongue is silent now;
Tripping feet are quiet here;
Grave as any in the throng
Does the little one appear.

Friends who love her wonder much;
None of them can understand
Why she sits so tranquilly,
Holding close her mother's hand.

Weeks of summer swiftly fly;
And among the worshippers
Sits the child, each Holy Day,
With her mother's hand in hers.

"Why my, dear," the mother asked,
Once at daylight's calm decline,
"Why so many Sabbath days
Have you kept your hand in mine?"

"Don't you know?" she said, surprised
That she was not understood,
"When I hold your hand, mamma,
It is easy to be good,"

Happy childhood! simple trust
In a tender mother's care!
Would that children older far
In this blessed faith might share.

Would that you might learn, sweet child,
As the years of life flit by,
Of a love surpassing hers
Whom you trust so perfectly.

Life's enigma will be plain,
If this truth be understood,—
Holding fast our Father's hand,
It is easy to be good.

—*Augusta C. Blodgett.*

The Beautiful Hath Vanished.

Katie C., daughter of Fred P. & Julia A. Kendall of So. Woodstock, died in Dec. last, aged fourteen years. She was an intelligent and ever faithful member of our Sunday School, and always present at every recitation. The following tribute to her memory was composed and read to the School by Miss Mary D Smith, the Superintendent of the School. E. B.

Time brings the holy Sabbath round.
The busy world is still,
Except perhaps some distant sound,
From wood, or vale, or hill,
Chimes on the ear as in the days
Of labor and of play,—
Yet still there comes a holy calm,
That bears the soul away.

And when we meet in Sabbath School,
And see each friendly face,
The heart goes out beyond the vale,
For here's a vacant place.
One loved by all has passed away,
To realms of light and love,
And while we sing our songs below,
She sings in worlds above.

To pure for earth! Her life how short,
And yet how full of worth,
For many were the seeds of love
She scattered here on earth,
The fruits of which we all may reap,
If we accept her guide
For virtue e'er will safely lead,
High up the other side.

When Spring returns with buds and flowers,
And "Floral Sunday" comes,
We'll freely bring them from the bowers,
And from our rural homes,
To deck this house in praise of Him,
Whose life for all He gave
Then lay them O, so gently down,
To droop on Katie's grave.

AYERS VILLAGE, March 17, 1873.

DEAR MYRTLE. I am a little boy eight years old. And I like to write so well I thought I would write a letter for the MYRTLE. I go to school and to the Sunday School. I like to go to the Sunday School concerts and speak pieces; I should like to have one every month. We had a festival last Wednesday evening March 12th. I should think there were over three hundred present. I went and had a nice time. They had some good singing and speaking there, it was a very good evening. I take the MYRTLE, and I like to read it every Sunday. I have a brother four years old, who will go to Sunday School next year. I mean to take the MYRTLE till my little brother Walter is big enough to rea it, and then I mean to take a larger paper.

FREDDIE E. SMITH.

Minnie.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

MISS PRIEST.

She had not spoken for three days—three long, long, weary days, and now, as the shadows of evening were falling upon the earth, family and friends gathered near her bedside, for they knew by the shortened breathing—the quickened heaving of that little breast—that the time was near when she would pass from death unto life.

Her golden hair lay in shining masses upon her pillow. A smile, that same sweet smile that you have often seen upon the face of a sleeping child, played upon her face.

Her large blue eyes were gazing wistfully—on what? Did she fear death? or did she hear the Master saying:

"Suffer little children to come unto me," He alone could tell.

The mother knelt beside her and whispered her name—but no answer came—shorter grew her breath—a little gasp and all was over! She was dead! Dead? no, not dead, but passed on through the celestial gate into the palace called Beautiful.

SCOTT VAIL.

Eighty Years Ago.

Eighty years ago, and cities now full of thousands of souls, were hunting-grounds of the Indians, and covered only by forest and swamp. Eighty years ago, and the city of New York contained but about 30,000 inhabitants; it has now 926,341. Boston then had about 18,000, now it has 250,526. Philadelphia then had about 40,000, now it has 674,022. Baltimore, which then had but about 13,000, has now 267,354. Eighty years ago, and these wonders of steam-power every where around us were then unknown; our grand parents dressed in their own home-spun; the busy wheel was whirled by the kitchen fireside, the knitting-needles were plied, and wool woven in the house, and the finer fabrics dressed at the fulling-mill, which has given way to the spacious factory.

The water-fall and steam engine, the improved spindles and other machines, manufacture now millions of yards where eighty years since only hundreds were made by the thrifty hand of the mothers and daughters of those times. With all our improvements we ought to be growing better. If we are not, these improvements will not prove our greatest blessings. The Bible says, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but Sin is a reproach to any people." Growing virtue in a people is their greatest improvement.

Two Fathers.

A Teacher asked a little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy of four summers, while reciting his lesson in Sunday School, if he had more than one father?

His eyes brightened with smiles of joy, as he answered, "yes, I have two, one in the clouds, and one on the earth, but I like the one in the clouds best for he does not whip me, and my father on the earth does sometimes when I am not good."

C. F. GAY.

Father Ballou's Words.

God saves sinners because he loves them. He does not wait until they first love him before he can have any love towards them. Our good Father Ballou used to make this plain in his discourses, thus: "Your child has fallen into the mire, and its body and its garments are defiled. You cleanse it and array it in clean robes. The question is, Do you love your child because you have washed it? or did you wash it because you loved it?"

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON X.—PETER.

NOTE. We have attempted to show how Peter grew in his knowledge of Christ and of the kingdom of heaven. From believing that Christ was to sit upon a throne in Jerusalem, he has come to know that he shall sit upon a throne in the heavens, and rule over all men. From thinking that Christ's mission was a worldly one, he has come to see that his mission is a heavenly and eternal one. But all the disciples of Christ have not learned the extent of their Masters mission. Therefore when Peter returns from Cæsarea, the believers at Jerusalem reprimand him for associating with Gentiles.

Question. — When Peter returned to Jerusalem what did the Jewish believers say to him?

Answer. — Acts xi. 3.

Q. — What did Peter say in reply?

A. — Acts xi. 4.

Q. — As God had given the Gentiles the same gifts that he had bestowed upon the Jews, what did Peter tell his Jewish brethren he could not do?

A. — Acts xi. 17.

Q. — What did the Jewish believers do when they heard Peter's account of the conversion of Cornelius and his household?

A. — Acts xi. 18.

Q. —Where was there a church of Gentiles formed?

A. — Acts xi. 20.

Q. — What did king Herod do, soon after this time?

A. — Acts xii. 2.

Q. — When Herod saw that this pleased the Jews, what did he do to Peter?

A. — Acts xii. 3.

NOTE. This was done during "the days of unleavened bread" or the Feast of the Passover.

Q. — What did Herod intend to do with Peter after the Passover?

A. — Acts xii. 4.

NOTE. That is, he intended to make the death of Peter a spectacle to the people.

Q. — How was Peter delivered from prison?

A. — Acts xii. 7, 8. 9.

Q. — Who urged that the Gentile church at Antiach, should be received into fellowship?

A. — Acts xv. 9.

NOTE. After this appeal of Peter that beleivers of all nations should live together in unity, we hear but very little of him. Neither the time nor the place of his death are known. But he proclaimed the unity of the race of man and the universality of the mission of Christ.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 93 etters.

My 1, 93, 6, 83, 2 was the father of David.

My 3, 15, 82, 88 was the son of Adam.

My 83, 33, 9, 13, 62 was a city that was destroyed by fire.

My 51, 52, 58, 69, 90, 55, 65, 77, 19 was a city of Judea.

My 51, 63, 64, 84, 25. 85, 91, 37, 18 the city of Andrew and Peter.

My 11, 60, 86, 89 is a river that flows through Egypt.

My 79, 35, 19, 49, 5, 30, 4, 25 the city of Saul.

My 62, 7, 39, 78, 87, 85, 53, 77, 75, 41 was the son of Cainan.

My 90, 29, 92, 42 was the brother of Simeon.

My 1, 66, 23, 9, 7, 34 is a river that flows through Palestine.

My 50, 48, 55, 5, 6, 7, 90, 66, 61, 17, 7, was a city in Palestine.

My 1, 66, 51, was a very patient man.

My 16, 26, 31, 39 is a book in the Old Testament.

My 59, 2, 28, 66, 9 was a king of the Jews.

My 71, 90, 32, 3, 7, 51, 22, 38, 45 was a daughter of Aaron.

My 27, 73, 56, 44, 90, 7, 12, 8, 66, 61 is a book in the New Testnment.

My 20, 17, 62, 66, 20, 70, 80 is a book in the New Testament.

My 14, 46, 51, 74, 55, 72, 3 is a book in the New Testament.

My 7, 16, 30, 21, 40, 90, 7, 67, 3 was the son of Herod the Great.

My 6, 7, 76, 9, 10, 30, 40, 71, 3 is the name of a tribe that lived in Judea.

My whole can be found in St John.

I. WINSOR.

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